More ſharpe to me then ſpurring to his ſide,
For that ſame grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

THus can my loue excuſe the ſlow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed,
From where thou art, why ſhould I haſt me thence,
Till I returne of poſting is noe need.
O what excuſe will my poore beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeeme but ſlow,
Then ſhould I ſpurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know,
Then can no horſe with my deſire keepe pace,
Therefore deſire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull fleſh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus ſhall excuſe my iade,
Since from thee going he went wilfull ſlow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

52

SO am I as the rich whoſe bleſſed key,
Can bring him to his ſweet vp-locked treaſure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower ſuruay,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldome pleaſure.
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſollemne and ſo rare,
Since ſildom comming in the long yeare ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheſt,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpeciall inſtant ſpeciall bleſt,
By new vnfoulding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you whoſe worthineſſe giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

53

WHat is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhaddowes on you tend?

Since

Since euery one, hath euery o
And you but one, can euery
Deſcribe *Adonis* and the cou
Is poorely immitated after y
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of
And you in *Grecian* tires are
Speake of the ſpring, and foy
The one doth ſhaddow of yo
The other as your bountie do
And you in euery bleſſed ſha
In all externall grace you
But you like none, none yo

5

OH how much more dot
By that ſweet ornamen
The Roſe lookes faire, but fa
For that ſweet odor, which d
The Canker bloomes haue fu
As the perfumed tincture of
Hang on ſuch thornes, and pl
When ſommers breath their
But for their virtue only is th
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnr
Die to themſelues. Sweet R
Of their ſweet deathes, are
And ſo of you, beautious
When that ſhall vade, by

5

NOt marble, nor the gui
Of Princes ſhall out-liu
But you ſhall ſhine more bri
Then vnſwept ſtone, beſme
When waſtefull warre ſhall
And broiles roote out the w
Nor *Mars* his ſword, nor w
The liuing record of your m

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